

# ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 3. NO. 44

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

## Department Store

WRANGELL ALASKA

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,  
Glass, Chinaware, Dry Goods,  
Boots, Shoes and Slippers  
Logging and Hunting Outfits a Specialty

### WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS

F. W. CARLYON

U. S. MAIL STEAMER

**Peerless**

Carrying Mail, Passengers and Freight, will leave Wrangell  
Monday of Each Week

At 6:00 O'Clock, A. M.

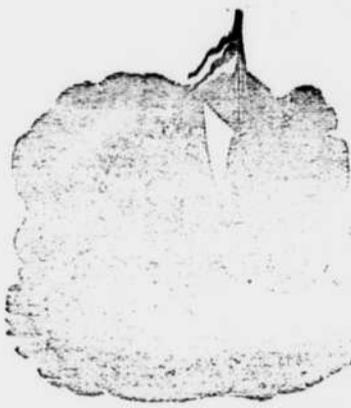
For Woedsky and West Coast Prince of Wales points.

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain,  
Sulzer and all points on the lower end of the Island.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR,

Master



### PROGRAM OF SERVICES

AT THE

#### People's Church for Sept. 1905,

Under the care of the Bishop of Alaska:

Sept. 4—A sermon appropriate to the opening of school. Subject of sermon, "Hannah."

" 11—A lantern service of song.

" 18—The First Church; what was it?

" 25—The Sources of Life.

Interpreted service, 10:30; Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30; Sunday School, 2:30; Christian Endeavor, 4; Evening Service, 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. CORSER, Minister.

## Good Business and Stand FOR SALE

My stock and fixtures, which means "the whole cheese," in the town of Wrangell, Alaska, is for sale. My stock consists of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Canned Goods, Jewelry, Etc.

And it all goes at a bargain for Cash. If you want a snap, do not wait, but come at once, and "get in on the ground floor."

SING LEE CO.

## Pacific Brand

Strictly Farm-made Cream  
It Contains only Pure Cow's Cream.

### ASK YOUR GROCERYMAN

#### Our Local Grist.

Dr. J. J. Pittenger, Dentist, will be in Wrangell from Sept. 25th to Oct. 5th.

The Wrangell Robe Tannery will tan your Furs and Hides properly.

E. WEST & P. HAUGHT.

We had three light frosts last week; and then the gentle patter of the rain upon the roof reminded us that Alaska was herself again.

List of LETTERS—Remaining unclaimed in the Wrangell P. O. and advertised Sept. 1: Arnold, C. J. Moore, Harry Clark, G. W. Smith, W. C. Hognland, Willis Smith, Mrs. M. C. Woodbury, Mrs. W. J. Johnson, J. M. Woodbury, Mrs. W. Larsen, Dennis Woodbury, Mrs. W. Childs Morris, Mr. Claude L. Wilson, Mrs. Charles. These letters, if not claimed in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office. J. E. WORDEN, P. M.

It does one good to take a look at Mrs. Case's flower garden.

The saw mill still continues to get orders, and it still continues to get logs and cut lumber. It is thought the mill will run well up to the 1st of Dec. this year.

"Well, how's the Sawmill?" said a familiar voice as a gentleman with a strange face came into the office, Saturday. On a second look we recognized Jovial Frank Coulter, who had Campbell-Collins-Weber-Kincaid himself by cutting off his mustache. Mr. Coulter has been making his home at Shakan, of late, and came over on the Peerless to pay the folks at Wrangell a visit, after an absence of several months.

Prof. Nash is getting on admirably with the public school.

Rev. H. P. Corser went to Ketchikan by the City of Seattle.

Try Pacific Brand Evaporated Cream, and you'll have none other.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Young came over from Shakan on the Alki, Saturday.

Capt. John Johnson and wife came up from their home at Lincoln Rock, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stackpole came in from the Smith-Hollowback logging camp, Saturday.

Attorney Z. R. Cheney returned to his home at Juneau on the up trip of the City of Seattle.

The next term of district court will be held at Ketchikan, commencing Monday, Oct. 2nd.

You may kill eight deer this year if you can find them—which any man can do on the adjacent islands.

Bookkeeper W. H. McNair and family are occupying the J. T. Waters residence on Hamilton Heights—one of the coziest in town.

According to what the crew on the Peerless say, we may look for the Challenge in Saturday next, with the cannery crew from Klawock.

Several parties went over to Woronofski, last week, and returned home with their vessels filled with those delicious red huckleberries.

The government survey ship Gedney, Capt. Dickens, dropped anchor in this harbor at 4 p. m. Saturday, and remained until Sunday noon.

Mr. John Mantle was up from his ranch and saltery, a day or two last week. Abe Wodaege, who had been down to Mt. Mantle's, returned to town.

The regular occasional dance took place Saturday evening, and it is thought another will occur next Saturday evening, at the same place—Red Men's Hall.

Married—At the People's Church, Wrangell, Alaska, Sunday, Sept. 10, 1905, by Rev. Harry P. Corser, Mr. Steve Chernoff and Miss Lillian Kasunk—both natives.

Our merchants are shipping great stacks of goods to the West Coast by every trip of the Peerless. This is good for our merchants and adds largely to the coffers of Capt. Orr.

Messrs. Buell and Oglevie, two young men in commercial lines, were here last week. Mr. Buell handles the celebrated Pacific Brand Cream, mentioned in our advertising columns.

George McGee came over from Klawack on the last trip of the Peerless, having finished his work for the season. George says the cannery will run for two or three weeks yet, and that up to the time he left they had up about 23,000 cases.

Sim Freeman, who has been here the past four months, has just returned to town. He closed the season last week and returned to his home at Juneau on the Seattle. Sim's mannerly form and winning ways are greatly missed—especially by a young lady or two.

Townsman Bruno Graf believes in keeping things moving. His big brewery building has been standing idle for some time, so he is having the second and third floors cut up into good, comfortable living and rooming quarters. And he will have some good ones.

Mr. F. G. Strickland came over on the Peerless from Woedsky, and stayed Sunday in Wrangell. Mr. Strickland is Lord Mayor; Postmaster and Justice of the Peace at Woedsky, and he says that with T. J. Case as High Sheriff, they have a splendid government.

Harry Brice went to Ketchikan last week, remained a day or two and then returned to the Seattle. When he went to Ketchikan, Mr. M. R. Rosenthal went with him, and Harry persuaded him to go on below, to take the needed rest and get him away from business cares.

The Wrangell correspondent to the Record-Miner says "There is a bright prospect for many big changes in business in town, and you may soon see a good sized factory in running shape, a new wharf, and a cold storage plant, etc. That writer usually knows what he is talking about."

The Wrangell correspondent to the Record-Miner writes this week in stating that the name of the teacher for the native school was "Mary McLean." The new teacher is Lenora Easter, and she hails from Missouri. Miss McLean, we believe, is employed at some point on the west coast of P. W.

A granite monument weighing 2,800 lbs. was recently shipped to this place from below, to be placed at the grave of Shadedy, step-father of Mrs. Fred Wigg. It is a perfect image of a huge bear, sitting up on his haunches, indicating that Shadedy was a prominent member of the Bear tribe.

Capt. Orr proposes to have more room and better accommodation for passengers on the steamer Peerless, and to that end carpenters Cole and Noble went to work Sunday, lengthening and widening her house. The house will be several feet longer and some inches wider, and will make a good passenger craft as well as a good freight carrier.

Messrs. Mersch finished up that Indian school building, last Friday. The building is not a large one, and judging from the size of it and the length of time it has taken to complete it, we estimate that the contract price, its safe to calculate, is a sum of \$3,000 will be laid aside for a rainy day. We congratulate the contractor on his good work, and as Uncle Sam pays the bill, of course he can stand.

If we hear correctly, the Japanese cook on the Peerless, on the last trip out, was seized with the hallucination that he had trod this mundane sphere long enough, and then repeated. Just below Dry Pass he very deliberately threw himself into the sea and tried to sink; but not being able to do that he struck for the shore with all his strength. A boat was lowered and in ten minutes from the time he jumped he was back in the warm boat's galley, a mighty glad Japanese.

The lighthouse tender Heather, with Capt. Wm. Gregory in command, came into this port Saturday evening and laid here until Sunday morning, when she proceeded on her way to the westward. The Heather is furnishing the light-houses of the district with supplies for the winter. Capt. Gregory reports having established a new buoy in Wrangell Narrows, known as buoy No. 12. It is between buoys Nos. 12 and 14.

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Hats Clothing Caps  
Boots Shoes

Dry Goods, Oiled Clothing,  
Gum Boots, Groceries,  
Hardware, Tinware,  
Fresh Fruits in Season,  
All at Lowest Prices

Headquarters for Camping, Fishing, Prospecting and Mining Outfits

## THE CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

ALASKA

## Clothing

Clothing  
Clothing  
Clothing  
Clothing  
Clothing

## Clothing

For a limited period  
we will sell clothing  
at greatly-reduced  
prices.

Now is your time to get a  
good suit of clothes cheap

St. Michael  
Trading Co.

Alaska's  
Magazine

Bright, Crispy,  
Energetic,

Devoted entirely to Alaska and its  
Wonderful Resources. The July  
number is now in the press, and  
will soon be ready for distribution.

Just the thing to send East.

Be sure and order it from your  
Local News Dealer.



## THE SMALLEY Gasoline Engine.

The Latest Modern Up-to-Date

Engine, with all the Good Points of the Best  
Engines made, and None of the Poor  
points to bother you.

Such is the SMALLEY.

### NOTE.

The first Six En-  
gines ordered

Will be sold at  
FACTORY PRICES.

To introduce them in  
Southeast Alaska.

For full particulars, address our Agent,

J. F. COLLINS, Wrangell, Alaska.

At the  
JOB PRINTING Sentinel Office

Several of the boats are giving us the go-  
by to catch the Dawson trade.  
"Schilling's Best" Wallace has been with  
us a portion of the week.  
Gus Scholas came over from Shakan-tu-  
way to spend Sunday in town.  
Say, stop and ask yourself if you owe the  
SENTINEL anything on subscription.

# Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL ALASKA.

No wise woman trusts a man who trusts to luck.

All men have wishbones, but only a few have backbone.

Some people's goodness is founded upon lack of opportunity.

When is a wheat corner not a wheat corner? When the board of trade says it isn't.

Cables say the latest fad in Paris is a 50-cent hat. Bet money it's a hat for men.

Miss Ellen Stone will understand that she goes to Macedonia at her own risk this time.

A New York millionaire has eloped with a waitress. But if she can't cook, what's the use?

Young Ziegler is unduly hampered with a \$30,000,000 inheritance and the task of finding the north pole.

It will be noticed that the manufacturers who supplied Russia with her guns and ammunition are not advertising the fact.

It is not quite correct to speak of the "Norwegians in America." A better way of putting it is "Americans of Norwegian birth."

Fines are imposed in Massachusetts for catching undersized trout. No fisherman ever admitted, however, that his catch was undersized.

The Japanese are to adopt the Roman characters. They have shown that they possess something of the "Old Roman" character already.

A Minnesota train robber has been sentenced to the penitentiary for fifty years. He'll know enough to rob a bank instead of a train the next time.

It is the height of bad form in Japan for a wife to express any opinion contrary to her husband's. What chance had Russia against men who have their wives bluffed like that?

The Czar is having constructed for his own use a bullet-proof automobile, and he would doubtless be glad to receive sealed proposals for the construction of some bomb-proof pajamas.

A New York woman lost \$90,000 worth of jewelry the other day while going to have her hair dressed. It must have been terribly humiliating to her to have to appear before the hair dresser without her gems.

Young Ziegler, who inherited the baking powder millions, will have an income of \$28,933 every minute. That boy, if he wants to buy something and doesn't happen to have the change, will only need to ask the storekeeper to wait a minute until he can earn it.

After it has been heard that Japanese troops do not keep step while marching and present poor appearance on parade, the shocking climax comes to the effect that Admiral Togo does not know how to wear a uniform, which on him is always wrinkled where it should fit smoothly, and vice versa. In short, it appears that in the military art of looking pretty the Japanese are a complete failure and that they are successful only in the incidental feature of fighting.

Told in Pantomime.

Theodore Thomas, in conducting an orchestra, seemed impulsive, imperturbable. A writer in the *Outlook*, commenting upon this, says that he was apparently without passion or feeling. Yet the appearance was not reality, and at one of Mr. Thomas' rehearsals it was fully contradicted.

At a certain point in the symphony the orchestra was playing in perfect time and tune, but with a certain mechanical effect which no one had noticed until Mr. Thomas suddenly rapped the music-stand before him.

The orchestra stopped. Then with his hand he imitated the action of an organ-grinder.

With only a word to indicate the bar at which the orchestra was to take up the music, he struck the rack before him for attention, and with a movement of his baton gave the signal.

The orchestra repeated the passage he had criticized by dumb show, and this time they played with spirit and fire.

Polite Way of Getting a Tip.

A shrewd old continental guide who, in conducting a lady around a grand old cathedral, had been assiduous in his courtesy and fascinating in his descriptive details averted the history pile, observed with pain that the visitor was evidently about to take her departure without bestowing the customary dole. To prevent this the wily old guide said: "Pardon me, madam, but, if, on her return to her hotel, madam should find that she had lost her purse, will madam kindly remember that it was not in this place that she took it out?" This neat reminder immediately produced the desired effect.

Literary and intellectual snobbery has insisted that the mass of books are bad and that the mass of people read the bad books. It is always easy to slander the millions, for the millions do not reply; they do not even heed. No doubt most printed books

are less good than they should be, and no doubt much trash is read. But in matters of taste excellence is relative, and we can determine whether to be optimistic or pessimistic about the quality of popular reading only by comparing our age with the rest. Most of the people who read only bad books are bad and that the mass of people are bad and that the mass of people read the bad books. It is always easy to slander the millions, for the millions do not reply; they do not even heed. No doubt most printed books

## OLD Favorites

Jim Bludso.  
Wall, no, I can't tell wha' he lives,  
Because he don't live, you see;  
Leastways he's got out of the habit  
Of livin' like you and me.  
Whar' have you been for the last three  
year?

That you haven't heard folks tell  
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks  
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers  
Is pretty much alike—  
One wife in Natchez-under-the-hill,  
Another one here in Pike.

A keeless man in his talk was Jim,  
An awkward hand in a row,  
But he never fuked, and he never lied—  
I reckon he never knewed how.

And this was all the religion he had,  
To treat his engine well,  
Never be passed on the river,  
To mind the pilot's bell;  
And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire—  
A thousand times he swore  
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississippi,  
And her day come at last;  
The Moavar was a better boat,  
But the Bell, she wouldn't be passed;

And so she come tarin' along that night—  
The oldest craft on the line—  
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,  
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine

Tells us that traditions still survive.

He and his younger brother Samuel were both of them able but excessively argumentative youths, and during their student days they were known as "Botheration Primus" and "Botheration Secundus."

Just how much of a bother the first botheration could be to an unwary professor is revealed in the famous anecdote of the jack-knife. It has been related of other men than Nathaniel Niles; but at least if he cannot be proved to be the one and only proper hero of it, his attested character lends strong support to his claim.

His instructor in philosophy was lecturing upon "Identity," and had just argued that parts of a whole might be subtracted and other matter substituted, yet the whole would remain the same, instancing the fact that every part of our bodies is changed in seven years, yet we remain the same individuals.

"Then," said Niles, "if I had a knife and lost the blade and had a new blade put in, it would still be the identical knife!"

"Certainly," was the reply.  
"Then if I should lose the handle from the new blade and have another handle made to fit it, the knife would still be the same?"

"That is so," said the professor.  
"Then, in that case," triumphantly rejoined young Botheration Primus, "if I should find the old blade and the old handle and have the original parts put together, what knife would that be?"

Story of a Woman Crusoe.

Beginning due west of Point Conception on the California coast and continuing at irregular intervals as far south as the Bay of Todos Santos in Lower California lie the Channel islands. In this ideal region for the yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter one comes to feel like a new Crusoe on his primitive Isle. And in very truth Crusoe's semi-mythical story was enacted upon one of these same islands, though minus the man Friday and the happy ending.

The castaway in this case was a woman, a Danish emigrant, left ashore through some mischance by the crew of a vessel that had sought shelter behind San Nicholas during a storm in the early '50's. For over seventeen years the lone creature had lived unsought and forgotten, though the time at length came when, on the days the mist-clearing north winds blew, she could climb to the island's highest point and view the ranchers' herds grazing upon the mainland.

And at last, when hope and reason had both long died, the poor, wild,

gibbering creature was found in the advance guard of the otter hunters' fraternity, who had long wondered at the mysterious footprints they found marked upon the lonely sands.—For est and Stream.

Nature's Armed Cruisers.

Some of the papers are poking fun at the story which comes from the Bay of Biscay of crabs weighing sixteen pounds and possessing claws eighteen inches in circumference. The joke would have seemed the funnier, perhaps, had the crabs been described as opening and eating oysters. As a matter of fact, there is a species which does crack coconuts. As students of Darwin will remember, this extraordinary creature grows to an enormous size; so large is it that in the larger ones there is sufficient fat to yield a quart of palm-oil, derived from their diet on coconuts. These nuts they first denude of their tough fibrous covering, then with their hammer-like claws beat upon the shell until an opening is made, and the rest is simple. These giants live on land, but bathe each night in the sea.

Ambition Gratified.

First Bookworm—Well, I'm working on a file of newspapers now and am entirely satisfied. Second Ditto—You always did have a sneaking ambition to get into the papers.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

We lately met a large, fine looking, assertive sort of woman. "My mother lives with us," she said. We sort of expected it.

Investigate it closely, and you will find that the successful men do not take many chances.

"I should say!"

"And then you get suspended, eh?"

until they served him. If they demanded pay he would threaten to have them put off the platform.

The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for \$12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than \$10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century.

He has a quiet little country place down on Long Island, with a good deal of lawn, but he does not keep the turf shaved down like his neighbors. He lets the grass grow until it is high enough to make good hay and then sells it for \$3 to a livery stablekeeper in the vicinity.

Why should they quarrel to the point of separation? Did not the commonwealth or the fear of common danger bind them? Or the possibilities of a great Scandinavian union? It appears not. On the contrary the genius for amalgamation seems lacking. Least of all is there any disposition to fight for union. And so the Norwegian flag is hoisted and saluted with twenty-one guns. Secession from Sweden is accomplished. Norway is an independent nation.

The family quarrel is an ancient one, caused by incompatibility of temper. The dual monarchy was born of the Napoleonic era, but the peoples never became cemented. The Norse has been asking for a separate consular and diplomatic service. That was only an excuse for the family fighting. Neither member of the household would give in. Blustering and blacklisting led to open divorce. It is a pity. There will come a day when the separation will be regretted. Sweden has lost Finland. Denmark is reduced to a few islands. And Norway will be at the mercy of Russia. History will write of Scandinavia that, unlike the United States, it stopped at federalism and failed. It neglected to "form a more perfect union." It was a house divided against itself.—Des Moines News.

Two Duties of the Hour.

EW occasions bring new duties. The tremendous naval victory of Japan over Russia brings new duties—and grave ones, too—to the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State, and the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission. It is the grave duty of the Hon. John Hay to see to it that the whole influence of the United States government among the powers be used to limit Japan's war indemnity to territory, rather than allow this indemnity to be collected from Russia in money, which would be invested at once in a still larger and stronger Japanese navy. It is the grave duty of the Hon. Theodore P. Shonts to see to it that the Panama canal be completed with all possible speed, so as to double, at the earliest moment, the efficiency of the United States navy.

Self-preservation is the first law of nations, and the possessions of the United States in the Pacific Ocean must be preserved. Japan's sea power in the Pacific has been as bravely won as England's in the Atlantic. But it is an intolerable idea that this country should allow Japan to take in hand the naval keys to the Pacific as England was allowed, through a series of deplorable errors, to take in hand the naval keys to the Atlantic.

The United States has been the first great power to grasp naval supremacy in the great ocean. Perish the hand that, through negligence or weakness, would relax that grasp!—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Census by Guess.

HE Census Bureau has again put out figures to show the population of our large cities, this time for 1904 and 1905. It has not made any

count, but simply estimates them by adding to the census of 1900 half the increase shown between 1890 and 1900 for the population in 1905, and four-fifths of that for 1904. The usual dissatisfaction is shown with the results of the system.

The Census Bureau makes the population of Washington city for the year 302,883. It happens there has just been an actual count made there by the police, which showed a total of 322,572. This discrepancy is a curious comment on the system of the Census Bureau.

The government ought not to do for the people what they can do for themselves. Any tolerable mathematician can take the census of 1900 and the increase from 1890 to 1900, and add half of it to the figures for the latter year, and have at once the result of the bureau's estimate.

"Oh, most generally we get marked down on our deportment."

"Barbarous!" commented the olderster. "I don't see how a teacher can have the heart to do such a thing. It must be pretty painful, isn't it?"

"Oh, that don't hurt! You just get sixty or sixty-five average on your deportment card."

"Well," said the olderster, "it may be all right, but it sounds brutal to me. When I was at school the master we had never marked us down."

" Didn't he?" asked the youngster in surprise.

"No," resumed the olderster, reflectively. "He always marked us up. If she licked us she'd get suspended," he explained. "She reasons with us, and if we don't behave she suspends us."

"Hum!" said the olderster, rubbing his chin. "I've heard of something of the kind, but I never quite understood exactly how it worked. How often have you been suspended?"

"I never was. Ethan Taylor, he was suspended once. He set fire to a girl's hair with a match, and when the teacher wanted him to say he was sorry he said bad words at her. They suspended him for two weeks."

"Hum," said the olderster again.

"And once we all got to hollering and laughing in the geography lesson, and when Miss Watson told us to stop we just kept right on."

"Why?"

"Oh, just for fun! Jimmy Willing, he was soaking paper balls in his ink and throwing them at the map when Miss Watson turned her back to point to it. She got awful mad, and she said she'd suspend us all if we didn't behave ourselves. She didn't, though," with faint scorn. "She weakens easy."

"She must be a pretty harsh sort of a person even to talk of suspending you for a little thing like that," said the olderster, with irony that deflected off its object. "I suppose you whisper in school sometimes, and punch the boy in front of you in the back, and stick pins in him, and make faces, and shoot beans and peas and putty and things like that?"

"I should say!"

"And then you get suspended, eh?"

beginning the earth was a waste and barren wilderness in which there dwelt a dragon alone. Then God came down from heaven, fought with the dragon and vanquished it. From the dragon's blood, which was water, the barren rock wilderness was made fertile, and the spot where the struggle between God and the dragon took place became paradise. Thereafter God created all things—sun, moon, stars, plants and beasts and finally two human beings. The man was sent down from heaven and was called Maitumbé, and the woman, Naitegorob, sprang from the bosom of the earth.

"God led them into paradise, where they lived an untroubled existence. Of all the fruits therein they might eat by God's permission; of one tree alone they might not taste. Often God came down to see them, when he climbed down a ladder from heaven. But one day he was unable for a long time to find them, but finally discovered them crouching among the bushes. On being asked the meaning of his conduct Maitumbé replied that they were ashamed because they had eaten of the forbidden fruit. 'Naitegorob gave me of the fruit,' he said, 'and persuaded me to eat it after she had eaten of it herself.'

"Naitegorob sought to excuse herself by saying: 'The three headed serpent came to me and said that by tasting the fruit we should become like unto thee and almighty.' Then was 'Ngai' (God) wroth and banished the two first human beings from paradise. He sent Rilegen, the morning star to drive man out of paradise and to keep watch thereover."

Tautology.

Teacher—What is tautology?

Boy—Repetition.

Teacher—Give me an example.

Boy—We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Eisele's young man is coming to dinner also.

Teacher—Go up top.

It is a mistaken policy for a woman

to wash the supper dishes when by

"stacking" them she gets out on the

porch that much earlier to nag her

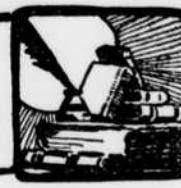
husband into mowing the lawn.



RUSSELL SAGE.



# EDITORIALS



## OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

### A Family Quarrel.

OR some reason family quarrels are the bitterest of all quarrels. For instance, Norwegian, Swede, Dane—these three—are, and of right ought to be, one great family. They have a common historic past. They have shared sacrifices and glory. They speak kindred tongues.

Why should they quarrel to the point of separation?

**MUSIC CRITIC AT FIGHT.**

Result of Shorthandedness on the Staff  
Called for "Duet."

Owing to a severe condition of shorthandedness on the staff, the music editor was sent to cover a prize fight, with the following result, says the Detroit Free Press:

An entertainment of unusual novelty attracted a large masculine audience at the armory last night. The chief number on the program consisted of a duet between two well known artists and the work was divided into ten short movements. Both of the chief artists of the evening were becomingly attired in a novel and striking costume, consisting of something like abbreviated bathing-suits, shoes and heavy stockings. The first movement started about midday, but went sempre accelerando to a molto vivace at the end. There was some rapid staccato work on the part of each performer throughout the movement and when a large gong rang at the end of a short interval, both walked to a corner of the roped-in platform. At the beginning there was a strong tendency to pianissimo work and the soft pedal was used with much effect on both sides.

Shortly before the end of this movement one of the artists was carried away with excitement and struck the other, sforzando, con due pedale a molto vivo vivace. The compliment was returned, con amore, and both subsided again as the gong rang.

At the opening of the third movement the original theme was resumed and was treated with great freedom throughout. The straight-arm motif was introduced, molto placebo, and the rendition became so fast and furious as to hinder accurate observation. The composition suddenly assumed the characteristics of the unfinished symphony, one performer being overcome by his emotion and failing to continue. The applause was furiously for the other artist, who was made the recipient of the most frenzied demonstrations from the audience. The composer of the unfinished composition is reported to have been the late Marquis of Queensberry, little known as a musical writer.

**THE GREAT MONEY LENDER.**

Russell Sage, Famous Financier, as He  
Really Is To-day.

Lindsay Denison writes the following description in World's Worth of the great lender of money as he appears to-day:

The figure of Russell Sage is fading out of the market place. Once it was as certain a part of the Wall street picture as the flag on the custom-house, as the flying messenger boys, as the swarm of men at the door of the stock exchange, incoming and departing. No, it was more certain; for Russell Sage observed no holidays except Sunday until his body broke down under the overreaching task set by his cold, grim hunger for innumerable dollars. But the pale-blue eyes, though they are keener than the eyes of most men at any age, have not the quick and eager light which used to flash into them in response to the news of a bargain in prospect or achieved. The seamed gray face has lost its power of meeting all appeals for generosity or mercy with complete lack of expression; irritation and contempt show through sometimes; they are signs of the breaking down of the stern physical discipline—for no real master of the game, whether it be played with pennies between newsboys on the curbstone, or with banks and railroads in the markets, willingly allows his face to register any human emotion. His garments hang about him in homely lines, which have not changed in the memory of any man. His appearance, his ways, his stinginess, his great wealth, have become a part of the traditions of his country.

**She Preferred Horse Power.**  
Modern inventions had no charm for Miss Boggs. "The old way is good enough for me," she said on all occasions when her attention was called to the march of science in any direction.

When the young physician who had succeeded to Dr. Lane's practice bought an automobile, Miss Boggs expressed her opinion in no measured terms.

"If he wants to ride around injuring folks so's to increase his business, and there's no law of the land can stop him, well and good," said Miss Boggs to her niece, "but when my end comes don't you dare have him to me, no matter if I've lost consciousness."

"What doctor shall I send for?" asked the niece, who was accustomed to live in the shadow of constant references to this event, although as yet Miss Boggs had never been ill.

"The one from Porterville or the one from Cranston or that old one over to Marshby, any of 'em will do," said Miss Boggs, grimly. "But mind you, get me a horse doctor, no matter if I'm too far gone to know it. No automobile doctors for me."

**The Finishing Touch.**  
The landlady was telling how wealthy her family was before papa made an unlucky speculation.

"But," she concluded, with a sigh, "beautiful as the old home was, it really never acquired the air of good solid respectability that it should have had, for there were no stone lions in the front yard."

Glancing at the longshoreman to see if he understood the joke, she laughed gayly and passed the prunes.—Detroit Tribune.

**He Knew.**

Dobbs (who remained single)—Are all these old jokes true about a woman's pocket being so hard to find?

Bobbins (who married an heiress)—I should say they are! Lend me \$5 for a few days, will you?—Cleveland Leader.

## Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had an awfully cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do any good until Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was soon cured. I recommend it to all my friends whenever I see them."—Miss M. Mayers, Washington, D. C.

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All vegetable and gently laxative.

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Buy your boy a rifle. 22 Winchester Repeater. \$11.00; Remington Single Shot, \$3.50 and \$6.00; Stevens, \$3.00, \$4.50 and \$6.00. Winchesters and Marlins of all calibre at lowest prices.

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or you will hurt your back  
Save yourself the straining, tugging and lifting when putting on or taking off  
your hat or coat by using a  
**HERCULES BACK LIFTER**. Costs but a trifle. A boy can set it up and operate it. Write us today, enclosing stamp for reply, and by return mail you will get full information. Refer to J. W. Cusick & Co., Bankers, Albany, Ore. **Cryderman Bros., Albany, Ore.**

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**PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD**

Cures Cholera, Roup and other diseases. It helps hens lay and makes chicks grow.

Pkgs. 25 and 50c. Pails, \$3.50  
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**IS JUST WHAT IS NEEDED**—The best food for chickens which is needed in raising poultry.—C. H. RIGGINS, Letah, Wash.

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Prussian Poultry Book FREE

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**Teddy's First Pockets.**

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy.

"You are too little," said mamma.

"Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded.

"Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in."

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